

Yours in the faith,  
Frederick Wallen Brown

# Juggernaut and His Country

— OR —

## Heathenism in India

— BY —

Frederick Wallen Brown

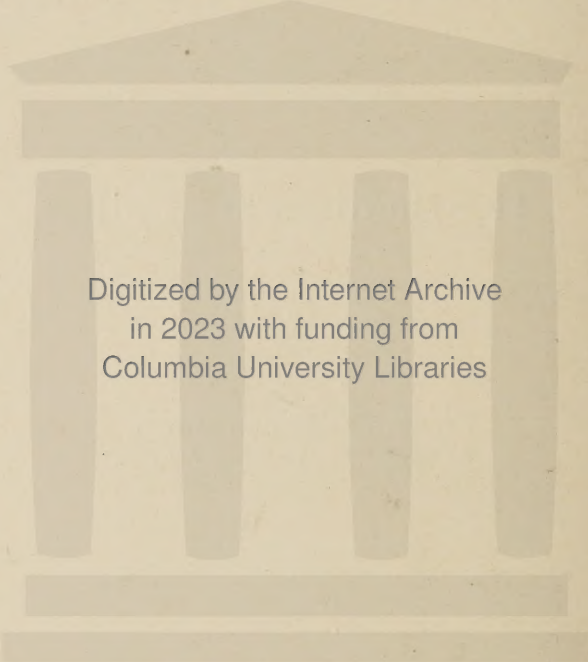
*Four years a Missionary in India*

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By

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## PREFACE.

This little book is an attempt to meet the many requests made, during our work in ten States, for some of the facts concerning India's condition and need. It was written during daily journeyings in Western Texas to fill appointments, and has no claim to literary style or ability. It is simply an attempt to give a few facts about India in simple language. It is sent on its mission with the hope that it will stimulate many to do more to extend Messiah's Kingdom.

FREDERICK WALLEN BROWN,

*Los Angeles, Cal., April 23, 1894.*





# JUGGURNAUT AND HIS COUNTRY

— OR —

## HEATHENISM IN INDIA.

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INDIA is a larger country than many have been accustomed to think of it. It is about one half the area of the United States.

In 1890 the population of the United States was about sixty millions; in 1891 the population of India was about three hundred millions. These millions are divided into different nationalities speaking different tongues and having different religions. It would be of interest to say something of these different religions, but lack of space compels me to confine what I say to the Hindus, the largest religious body in India and numbering about two hundred and ten millions.

If any have been thinking of the Hindus as an uncivilized people, I do not wish you to think so any longer, for they are not uncivilized. When our ancestors were wandering about in the forests of Great Britain clothed in skins, not knowing how to weave, the Hindus had the same sacred books they have to-day; and were worshiping the same gods then as now; they had the same knowledge of weaving and agriculture, using the same implements then as now; they had the same knowledge of mathematics, science and literature then as now, and were going in some things further in mathematics than we go in our schools to-day; they invented the "Arabic Notation," the Arabs carried the knowledge of it into Europe, hence its name.

But says someone, if all this is true, why is it that we have always heard that the people of India are such a degraded people? There is but one answer to that question. *It is because of their religion.*

You go to their educated leaders and ask them concerning their religion and they will tell you that there are three gods, Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. But you go to the great mass of India's millions, priests and common people alike, and ask them concerning their religion, and they will tell you there are three hundred and thirty millions of gods, and show you the very place in their sacred books where it is written. They have names for thousands of these and idols innumerable. Their household idols are usually small, while the temple idols are often very large.

Brahma, the first person of the Hindu triad, is not generally worshiped; Pushkara in Rajputana is perhaps the only place where he has a temple. The reason of this they say is: That he thrice told a lie and hired false witnesses, and on account of this sin the other two gods by their curse deprived him of all worship in this world.

Vishnu, the second person of the triad is said to have been incarnated on earth nine times. One of these incarnations is Krishna. While sitting under a tree he was shot, and his bones were mouldering when some pious person gathered them and put them in a box where they remained until a king who was earnestly striving to propitiate Vishnu, was directed to form an image and place in it these bones with the assurance that the idol would become famous throughout the world, because he, Vishnu, would dwell in it, and that he should have a rich reward for this religious deed. The king desiring to follow this advice, prayed to Visvakarma to assist by making the image; the architect of the gods consented to do this, but told the king that if anyone looked at him or in any way disturbed him while he was at work, he would immediately leave the work and that the image must always remain as he left it. To this the king agreed, and Visvakarma commenced his work. In one night he hewed out of the blue hills of Orissa, an immense temple, and was working at the image in the temple. The king waited fifteen days and not being able to restrain his impatience longer he foolishly tried to see the god maker at work, who at once stopped work and the



image was left with a most ugly face and without hands or feet. The king being distressed at the sight of such a hideous thing went to Brahma, who comforted him with Vishnu's promise that it should become noted throughout the world. The king invited the gods to be present at its inauguration, and they named it Juggernaut (Jagarnath) the "Lord of the World," and thus its fame was completely established.



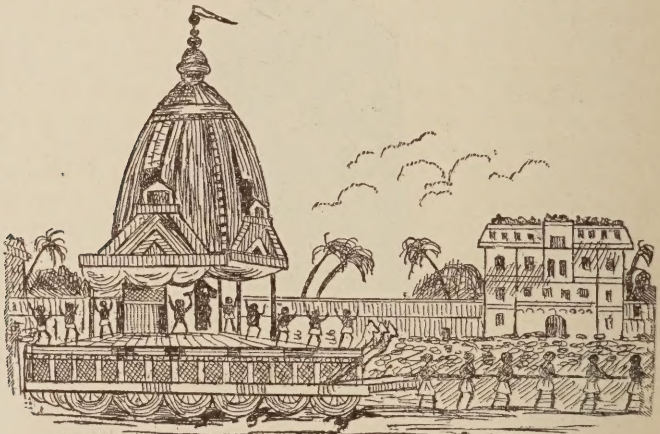
**JUGGURNAUT**

The City of Puri on the east coast is where the original temple and idol is, though on a small scale these are reproduced in other parts of India. What Jerusalem and the temple was to the children of Israel such is Puri and the temple of Juggernaut

to the people of all India. A few years ago I visited Puri to witness the great car festival at which so many thousands of lives have been destroyed in the name of religion and saw the things I am about to relate.

I found an immense temple there, the outer wall of which, was built of stone 650 feet wide, 660 feet long and 30 feet high. Within this sacred enclosure are more than fifty temples dedicated to different gods of the Hindu Pantheon, the principal one of which was the great pagoda 210 feet in hight, and covered with indecent figures. Within this pagoda on a marble platform or throne studded with diamonds the three idols, Juggernaut, Bularam, and Subhudrah, the brother and sister of Juggernaut continually remain except when taken out for certain festivals.

One of these festivals is a bathing festival, when the idols are taken out and on a high stone platform, bathed by the priests in the sight of great multitudes of people. As a result of this exposure the priests say that Juggernaut takes cold and has a great fever; and in order that he may recover from his fever they



JUGGURNAUT'S CAR.

say that it is necessary that he shall have a change of air, so they are going to take him to his summer house a temple a mile or two away. But he is the Lord of the World and for him to travel with proper dignity it is necessary for him to have a vehicle of proper dimensions, so they build him a car of wood, forty feet square, forty-five feet high, having sixteen wheels, each nine feet in diameter. The first platform of the car is about fifteen feet from the ground and on this the idol is placed with other lesser idols as attendants. The car is decked out with parti-colored cloths and flags and presents a very rude, gaudy appearance.

This car festival comes either the last of June or the first of July according to the phase of the moon. And commences by the bringing of the idols out of the temple and placing them on the car, for each of the three idols has a car, though the other two cars are not so large or so high, neither have they so many wheels. I was told that the idols were put on the cars by putting ropes around their necks and literally dragging them down from their jeweled thrones and then dragging them across the temple court through the great gate into the *Boro Don* or great street, and then up an inclined plane to put them in position on the first platform of the car.

I desired to see this done, so waited in the rain until about nine o'clock, when I was informed that because of a defect in the car this part of the festival would not occur until nearly morning.

Early in the morning I was on the ground and found an immense crowd gathered, more than seventy-five thousand; the idols were in position on the cars and dressed, and the worship had commenced.

The priests were going among the people with great baskets of popped rice and scattering it among them. Then there was great crowding and fighting to get a few kernels of this rice. When this was over the people commenced making their offerings to Juggernaut and worshipping him. I noticed that whenever an extra fine offering was presented, like money, jewels or a silk cloth, that the priests would hold it up from the platform so that all the people could see how the god was being honored. When

the crowd would see this, they would put their hands together and to their foreheads and bow over very low and worship. While I was standing there this was done a number of times. At one time my attention was called to a woman who was standing near me, by the words she said. When she saw the idol move, she cried out words that meant "Oh he is alive! he is alive! see! he moves!" I never saw devotion and adoration expressed any more pronounced on anyone's face than on this poor Hindu woman's, who had come more than a thousand miles to *see* and worship this idol. The priests put great stress on the *seeing* of the idol.

Now to understand what must have led up to her exclaiming what she did it will be necessary to say something of the worship of this idol and of Hindu theology.

Some people in America seem to think that the Hindus who die never having heard the gospel will be saved. A study of Paul's letters will give you an idea of the heathen in Paul's day, "without hope," and I wish to give you an idea of how it is with the Hindus to-day.

I have yet to see the first Hindu that would not confess that he was a sinner. Before I went to India many said to me "what is the use of your going, you will only make their future worse instead of better! Those that never heard the gospel God will not condemn." I said, "if I find I am making their condition worse instead of better I'll go home." All the time I was in India I was continually asking the people what condition they considered themselves to be in. A very common way of my introducing myself was by telling them "I have come a long ways to tell you a wonderful story, but I am to tell it only to a certain class of people, and if any of you are righteous, without sin, it is not for you; what I have to tell you is only for sinners, and it is this: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Is not that wonderful news?"

"Yes, sir, it is!"

"Are any of you righteous?"

"No sir, we are all sinners,"

I have never seen a Hindu but who *knew* that quarrelling, lying, stealing, adultery, murder, abusing parents and bearing false witness were sins, and that the punishment for doing such things is hell.

They have an innumerable number of sacred books telling them about their relation to God or the gods and to man, but they know not how to be saved from their sins. Every sacrifice, every pilgrimage, every austerity practiced indicates their consciousness of sin and desire to escape "the fiery indignations to come."

Going out from this one city, Puri, all over India, there are more priests, as missionaries, than missionaries and native preachers of all churches in India. These men go all over India, (I have seen them in the Himalaya Mountains,) declaring the glory of the so-called "Lord of the World" and telling what wonderful miracles he performs, and what wonderful salvation there is to be obtained by going to Puri, seeing him and worshipping him. They tell the people that if they will go to Puri, see Juggernaut and worship him, they will escape a certain number of births, for every Hindu believes that when he dies he is to be born again, and this for eight million four hundred thousand times. Between the death and the next birth he either is to go to heaven to enjoy that or to hell to endure that. Heaven is represented to him as a beautiful place of enjoyment; hell is represented as a terrible place of punishment—a place of eighty pits, each pit having a punishment for a *different* kind of sin. So you see they have *some* idea of sin. In one of these pits they are told they will be placed on a spit and then turned round in a fire that lasts a certain number of thousand years. In another pit, they must continually walk about, bearing on their heads baskets of reeking, rotten human flesh, the juices of which, are represented as continually running down into their eyes, their ears and their mouths. Not a very pleasing prospect! And as each Hindu feels conscious that he has sinned and must go into one of these pits to be punished, he desires to escape if he can. And looking forward to his future lives he sees no prospect of doing any better



in any of them than he has in this life and as with each one of these lives there is a prospect of one of these places of torment he desires to escape as many of these births as he can.

These *pundas* or missionary priests, take advantage of all this and tell the people that if they will go to Puri, see Juggernaut and worship him, that they will escape a certain number of these births. If they should die in the city they would escape a certain number more, for nothing done in that city is sinful they say, because Juggernaut's body absorbs all that otherwise would be sin, and his body gets so full of the sins of the people that it is necessary to give him a *new body* every twelve years. Last year (1893) they gave him a *new body*, the old body was buried somewhere in the temple court, and the soul of the idol, a black stone, that they say is the concentrated bones of Krishna, is put into the *new body* and then he is "the Lord of the World" and capable of absorbing the sins of the people for another twelve years. It is said that more than 200,000 people were present last year at the car festival to see Juggernaut with his *new body*.

Another thing that the *pundas* formerly told the people, but of which you hear but little to-day because of the restriction the British government has put upon it, is this: "If you will go to Puri, worship Juggernaut and present your body a sacrifice to the idol by casting yourself under the wheels of his car and be crushed to death, immediately your souls will pass over all the intervening births and become absorbed at once into the existence of the great Brahm." And as this is a thing to be devoutly desired, formerly thousands of people cast themselves under the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut's car and were crushed to death.

To prevent the people from doing this, the British government has taken this festival in charge, and every year sends two European officers there to see that no one is killed. One of these is the Executive Engineer to see that the cars are built properly, that there is no danger of their falling over and killing any of the great crowd. The other is a Superintendent of Police, who is there with companies of native policemen. He stations a company of these around each car while it is being pulled along.



These stand about fifteen feet away from the car and hold in the left hand a rope that extends around the car. They stand near enough to touch each other, and carry in the right hand a police "billie." If any try to crowd up to get at the car the "billie" is used as I saw a number of times. For the people would cast themselves under the car as they did one hundred years ago if they were not thus prevented.

Now this woman who had come a thousand miles or more had undoubtedly heard all of this talk up in her country, and when she saw the idol move, undoubtedly she thought, all of these things they have told me about him are indeed true, for "behold he is alive! he is alive! see! he moves!" Thus do the priests impose on the the people.

Three large cables made of the fiber of the cocoanut are attached to the cars, and the people take hold by the hundreds and draw the cars to the summer temple, while the priests blow horns, beat drums and gongs, and urge the people to worship. And almost continually you hear shouting and singing from the people, "*jai Jagarnath*"—Victory to Juggernaut.

The cars are left at the summer temple for ten days, and then they are drawn back. Part of the priests have staid at the temple with Juggernaut's wife, and when the others return with Juggernaut, those at the pagoda will not let the others in with the idol because Juggernaut's wife is jealous, for he has been away for ten days with his sister. After having acted out this abominable farce in which they have made promises of what this so-called "lord-of-the-world" will and will not do in the future; they go into the temple and spend the night in such indecent worship and songs as the heathen are accustomed to worship their gods with, and which decency forbids my mentioning.

The third person of the Hindu triad is Siva. In ancient Hindu mythology, Siva was represented as a man riding the sacred bull. Now to show you how sacred this animal is, let me state a fact and relate an incident. When missionaries first went to India they found there two hospitals, and *only* two in *all* India. These were not erected to care for the lame, the sick, the blind and the leper, but *for*

*old and decrepit cows!* The Hindus organize societies to protect and care for cows while the insane, the blind and the leper are left to wander aimlessly about. A few years ago a company of priests were going to send one of these sacred animals from one railroad station to another. The priests that were to receive the animal were to be informed by telegraph on what train the animal would arrive. The priests that were sending the animal were at a loss to know how to word the message, for it must be worded in English. What troubled them most was to know how to express the dignity of the animal in the English language. Finally having consulted with others who knew English, they came to the conclusion what the proper language should be, and so there went flashing over the wires: "Look out for God Almighty on the next train." This gives you the exact position that they give to these animals, that of a god. It is a greater sin for a Hindu to kill a cow or a bull than it is to kill a man, unless that man is a priest. I have seen men bring their offerings, prostrate themselves at full length before these animals and worship them.

I said that Siva was formerly represented as a man riding the sacred bull, but you can find but very few people worshipping him under that form to-day. It is related of him that he was such a licentious god that the other gods cursed him and said that because of his wickedness he should be worshiped in another form. Under this form he is spoken of as "*Moha Dev*," words that mean "the great god." The images or idols of "*Moha Dev*" are representations of the organs of generation. My observation is that there are more temples dedicated to Siva under this form than dedicated to any other god. These temples are covered with sculptures and carvings innumerable all representing things and scenes of the lowest and most obscene character. The worship itself is of the most degrading kind. Paul in the last half of the first Chapter of Romans, gives a very good idea of the things that the Hindus do in worshipping this idol. Do you know what the Hindus say about that first Chapter of Romans? The priest say: "that was not originally in the book. When missionaries first came to India and saw the condition of things here, in

order to make out a good case for themselves they got up that chapter." There is not a single statement in all that category of abominable things which Paul says the heathen do, but what in India with my own eyes I have seen, or with my ears heard, that which indicates that it is all being gone through with there to-day. I have come suddenly upon people in acts of the most indecent and obscene worship in the midst of which, they would come up before their idol and prostrating themselves at full length pray to it.



THE GODDESS KALI.

Is it any wonder then that the children brought up in the midst of such scenes and worship do not have that look of innocence that children have here at home? An expression you often hear from new comers in India is: "why is it that we do not see that look of innocence on the face of childhood that we do in America?" They do not need to stay in India long to understand the why of it. Even free and happy childhood is not known until revealed in the lives of the missionary's children.

Sivi is represented as having a wife, her name is *Kali*; Calcutta is named after her. She is represented as having four arms, in one hand the head of the victim she had last beheaded, in another the sacrificial knife, and with the others she is beckoning on her worshipers. She has a necklace of human skulls, a girdle of human hands, and her tongue hangs out of her mouth red with blood. A cruel, bloody goddess! Delighting in blood and torture, and those who have sinned against her, believe they can only appease her wrath by making an offering of blood, in some way torturing themselves. There are a variety of ways in which they worship her.

In the town in which I lived the first two years in India, during that time, a man was brought through on a bed not of down but of spikes, six to eight inches in length, and sharp to the touch. He said he had not been off from this bed of torture for years, he was being carried by four men and was on his way to Puri.

A very common way of worshipping Kali is called hook swinging. An iron hook with a rope attached to it, is hooked into the muscles of a man's back and then he is drawn up and suspended fifteen or twenty feet in the air and then swung around. This is not a punishment given to him by others, but is done as a voluntary act of worship. Sometimes the flesh gives way and the man falls to the ground and his limbs are bruised or broken and sometimes the man is killed. The British government has tried to put a stop to this, the same as to the burning of widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands, the casting of children into the river Ganges, and the people casting themselves under the wheels



HOOK SWINGING.

of Juggernaut's car, but they have not succeeded so well in this as in these other things. Last April in the City of Calcutta, three

men were arrested for having gone through with hook swinging. Thirty-six miles south from where I lived the last two years in India, at Balasore, is a little piece of French territory one mile square. Into this from the surrounding country the Hindus go every spring by the thousands, and go through with hook swinging. Some of my co-laborers visited the the festival and appealed to the government to put a stop to this cruel practice. The British government offered the French a larger piece of territory in another part of India for this little piece of land, in order that they might put a stop to this awful thing, but as yet they have not succeeded, and there every year Kali is worshiped by hook swinging. If the man lives to be let down, the rope is cut, leaving the hook in the back and the next day he goes about with it in his back begging.

A missionary brother while traveling one day, came to a temple by the side of the road and saw the priest of the temple looking in upon his goddess (Kali) and worshipping her. The priest had taken his tongue between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and drawn it out of his mouth as far as he could. Then taking an iron rod he had run it through his tongue. Then taking hold of the rod he had commenced to jerk his tongue. When the missionary came up his tongue was bleeding, his chest covered with blood, and his face all contorted with pain as every little while he gave a jerk to the tongue, each time drawing it further and further from the roots. Like a flash it went through the missionary's mind *surely* a man who had ever heard the *name* of Jesus would never do a thing like that! So stepping up near to the priest he said: "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" Apparently the priest did not hear. Again he addressed him: "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" With astonishment the priest turned and looked at the missionary. The missionary said: "I know you can not speak, but indicate your answer by the movement of your head. Did you ever hear of Jesus?" Slowly the head was moved from side to side to indicate that he had never heard that blessed name. Do you wonder that it was with a sad and aching heart that the missionary left that man thinking of the condition



of things in America and India! How in America thousands and thousands of Christians had been asked time and time again to send more missionaries to India, and because they had refused to give anything to send them or had given so *little* that this man and thousands like him were still going through with these cruel things in worship, never having yet heard the name of Jesus! May our heavenly Father forgive us for our lack of loyalty to his Son and disobedience, for he said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." And we have not gone and some of us have never really tried either to go or send someone who could go.

Bishop Thoburn relates an incident in the Indian Witness that he saw May 2nd, last year. "Eight or ten men were marching along the public road attended by forty or fifty followers, each carrying a little arch constructed of bamboo, and ornamented with leaves, flowers and peacock feathers. Each of these men had a small piece of sharpened iron thrust through his tongue, that is the tongue was drawn out of the mouth, and the iron was thrust through it at least an inch and a half from the tip of the tongue. Then many of them had hooks thrust through the skin and muscles of the back and breast. Some were foaming at the mouth, and although their attendants sprinkled water on them and seemed to encourage them, yet their suffering must have been horrible." That is Hinduism not one hundred years ago but in 1893.

Yes it is a dark, black picture! But as dark as I have described it, it is not as black as it really is. It is beyond the power of anyone to portray the terrible degradation and superstition of this people. Although dark there is a bright side to it, the gospel is being taken to them, and to many of them it is proving "the power of God unto salvation." I suppose you would like to know how such a people as I have been describing, receive the gospel.

Now from what I shall say I do not wish you to think that all are ready to accept the gospel like some that I shall mention,

for they are not by any means. The priests and all who have any thing to gain by idolatry are, as a rule, bitter against Christianity, yet as in the days of Christ so to-day the common people hear the gospel gladly.

One evening while preaching the gospel to a company of villagers, fourteen of their number cried out, "what must we do to be saved?" The Word had the same effect upon them that it has had upon men everywhere, it pricked them to their hearts. When we were ready to leave them, they asked us a few more questions. The first one was :

"Are there many people in your country?"

"Yes, about sixty millions."

"Do many of them believe what you have been telling to us?"

"Yes the majority of them."

"Have they known it long?"

"Oh! yes, hundreds of years, generation after generation it has come down to us, and now we are here to tell it to you."

"Are your people a very poor people like we are?"

In that part of India a man would receive six *pice* for a day's labor; equal in our money to about three cents.

"No, our people are not a poor people like you. Americans pride themselves that they are the 'richest nation in the world.'"

What do you suppose the next question was?

"Then," said they, "why is it that our fathers have been permitted to die in their sins and go to hell?" The very words only giving a translation of their language. "Then why is it that our fathers have been permitted to die in their sins and go to hell; why is it that we have been permitted to grow up and become men, and perform all the abominable things that we have, and *never* have heard of this way before?"

If any of you my readers, have been doing nothing to send the gospel to that people, how will you answer that question in the day of Judgment? And that is not the only time that that question has been asked me. More than a hundred times have I been asked "why is it?" and I do not suppose there is a missionary with any experience in evangelistic work in India, but what has had like experiences.

A few weeks after this while preaching to a larger company of villagers about one hundred, some with tears coursing down their cheeks, some throwing themselves on the ground, cried out, "what must we do?" Said their chief man: "Sirs, the reason why we have been so very wicked is, we never have heard of this way before. Oh! why did you not come and tell it to us before?"

One day while riding along on horse-back and reading aloud from my Oriya New Testament, I noticed that two men were following, listening to what I was reading; when they saw that I had observed them they came around to the side of my horse and bowing very low, one of them said: "Sir, what book is that you are reading from?" I told them. And he said: "Will you not read more to us? It is the most wonderful book I ever heard of." I said, "certainly," and continued reading as we went along. After a while one of them said: "Sir, our home is yonder at the foot of the mountain, we leave the road here." I stopped my horse and talked to them a long while, trying to show them that Jesus was the Son of God and their Saviour. I asked them if they had never before seen any white men telling the same story that I had told them. They said: "No sir." I said: "Did you never go to any of the markets and hear one of your own countrymen telling this same story I have been telling you?" "No sir! we never before heard such wonderful news that a man might be saved *from* his sins. Oh! sir, will you not come to our village and tell our people what you have been telling us?"

One of our lady missionaries was telling this good news to a company of women who were hearing it for the first time. When she had finished one of the women said to her:

"And who told you this wonderful story?"

The missionary replied, "my mother told it to me when I was a little girl."

"And who told it to her?"

"Her mother."

"And who told it to her?"

"Her mother."

The woman shook her head and said: "It is a lie, I can't believe it. It is not like a woman to know something good like that and not tell it to her sisters."

A missionary in Northern India last winter (1892-3) had been going from village to village preaching the gospel, living in a tent. The hot weather came on and he had to return home.

About a week after returning home, early one morning before daylight, he heard a great commotion in his yard, and looking out saw a great concourse of people, men and women. And being astonished at seeing the women. Why astonished at seeing the women? Because there is not a heathen woman in India that has any hope of eternity. My sisters do you grasp hold of that thought? Of the about one hundred and fifty million heathen women in India there is not one that has any hope of immortality! Told that she has no soul; considered unworthy of being educated. Told that she has not the ability to learn to read, and should she learn her husband would die. If her husband dies, she is told that it is because she is such a great sinner, and the younger she is the greater sinner she must be. And being astonished at seeing the women he went to the door and asked: "What is the matter?" And some one replied: "Nothing sir, only we have heard that you have arrived home, and we have come here to become Christians."

The missionary went out and preached to them, took the confession of eleven of their number and lead them down to the river and baptized them into Christ. He came back and said that he would give them an hour to go to the village and get themselves something to eat; that he would breakfast and then preach to them again. He went in to get his breakfast, but they, instead of leaving sat down on the ground fearing they might lose something. Having eaten his breakfast he preached to them again, took the confession of another company, went to the river and baptized them, and so on during that day. The next day the same way, and the third day likewise. During the third day while preaching, he saw three men come crowding down through the great crowd and reaching the front, stand there listening to

what he was saying as though their lives depended upon catching every word. Noticing this he addressed some words specially to to them. (We talk back and forth very freely there.) These men told him that they were sent there by their villagers to ask him to come to their villages and make them Christians. "For" said they, "you have been preaching in our villages this winter, telling us about this Jesus, that he is the Son of God and our Saviour, and, sir, we believe you are right and we have been wrong. Will you not come and make us Christians? Sir, we have taken all of our wooden idols and made a bonfire of them and burned them. All of our brass and stone idols we have taken, and in solemn procession gone and cast them into the river, and there is not another idol in all our villages. Oh, sir, will you not come and make *us* Christians?"

In writing of this to a missionary in America, he said, "this is just as important work as that. I can not leave this to go and attend to that. For, at the time of writing this letter, I have already baptized 3,000. There are more to be baptized, and these that have been must be instructed, for as yet they do not know what they as Christians are to do. I can not leave this work to attend to that. Oh, brother! as you go among the churches will you not impress upon them the necessity of immediately sending to this great harvest field more missionaries? So that these who are ready to accept of the gospel shall have those who shall instruct them and administer unto them the ordinances."

In that same mission over 40,000 conversions last year, and said a prominent missionary, "we had to turn away over 25,000 people who came asking for baptism, for we thought it was better to let them go away as Hindus than to baptize them and let them go away thinking that they were Christians and they not know what Christians ought to do. Every native that was capable of instructing we had instructing someone. Every missionary was doing all he could, and if we had only had more missionaries we might have made more Christians."

In one part of India there are now over 10,000 waiting to be baptized. In North India they are coming into the church at the

rate of over 1,000 a month in just one mission. Says Bishop Thoburn: "Our missionaries are trying to hold back native evangelists rather than press them forward. We feel that we must take care of our untaught converts, and we are painfully aware that we are not supplying their need. If we could have our way we would call a halt until the work could become better organized, but it seems impossible for us to stop."

What a sin American Christians have to answer for! That a work like this should have to be hindered and held back instead of hastened on, and all because of our covetousness. Christians in America have not yet learned the A B C of giving. How any one can say that he is a Christian, that he accepts of the New Testament as the Word of God and Jesus as his Prophet, Priest and King and then be satisfied to give more to keep up the government of his country and state than he does to build up and extend Christ's Kingdom throughout the world, and that too when the command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is so plainly stated, is a thing I cannot understand.

So many indicate that they think that a large part of the money raised for mission work is spent to take care of native converts that I am constrained to say a few words about the giving of native Christians in India.

A letter just received from India indicates what a congregation numbering about 100 is doing. They pay their own native preacher. They raise by subscription over—(if I said how much in *rupees*, *annas* and *pice* but few of you would understand its value so I will use a term that all will understand "days labor.") Each days labor stands for the amount of money it would take to hire an ordinary day laborer for one day and he board himself) 2,000 days labor.

A congregation with whom I have worshiped more than once, in the year 1892-3 did as follows: They supported their own native preacher, paying him about 2,000 days labor for the year (they numbered about 125). They kept up the repairs on their own meeting house, and paid for the support of three of their own



number to go out and preach the gospel to the heathen, and half the support of a fourth man—a missionary paying the other half. These men gave their entire time to preaching the gospel to the heathen and the church gave them their entire support. When their thanksgiving service came, they brought to the Lord's house a free-will-offering, amounting to about 1,000 days labor. What was done with this? It was sent to America with this request: "Use this to send more missionaries to India." Where in all America is there a congregation doing proportionately anything like this?

In another part of India a missionary had baptized and organized a little congregation of six men. A few months afterwards while preaching to them one Lord's Day, he remembered that it was the day that his people in America were observing as "Children's Day," so he told them what the children of America were doing by saving their pennies to send the gospel to the heathen. Then he told them about their own country and countrymen, how many of them had never heard the gospel, and how that some of them who had become Christians knew enough to go out and tell it to others. "But," said he, "they are poor men, they have to work early and late to support their families and so cannot go any farther than their own villages; but could we say to them, 'you go and preach the gospel and we will take care of your families,' they might go and preach the gospel to thousands." The men went home thinking about it and in the afternoon returned with a sum of money equal to about 500 days labor and gave it to the missionary—and he said: "What shall I do with this?" The reply was: "Sir, you was telling us this morning the need of our countrymen hearing the gospel and this is our offering to make it possible for some one to go and preach it to them." The missionary said: "I can't accept of it!" "Well sir, we know it is very little but it is all we have, there is not another *rupee* in our village." "Oh, that is not what I meant!" said the missionary. "It is *too* much for you to give." "Oh no sir, it is not too much for us to give. We have had such a blessing from the gospel that we want others to have the same blessing. It is

not too much for us to give. Sir, we will go to work and earn more money this year and eat less rice that we may have more to give next year.”

I have related these incidents to show you something of the spirit of native Christians. I would that Christians in America would do one tenth part as much personal Christian work or give one tenth part as much in proportion to what they have, as do the native Christians that I have known in India, then instead of having hundreds we might have thousands of missionaries.

It is said that in the United States we have a preacher to every 300 of the population, a preacher or Sunday school teacher to every 45 of the population, while in India there is but one protestant male missionary to every 500,000 of the population. When you have counted together all the missionaries, their wives, the lady missionaries, the native preachers, the Bible women and the catechists of all the different churches in India you have not so many as there are priests going out from Puri to declare the glory of Juggernaut. Take all the Christian workers, separate husband from wife, give each a field to himself in which they will be the only worker and each would have 60,000 people to minister to. Some people say there is enough to do at home. In every city of 60,000 in the United States how many preachers are there?

There are whole districts in India where there is not a missionary or a known native Christian. There are over a million people to every missionary among the people whose language I learned. Says Bishop Thoburn: “In the Punjaub alone there are twenty million people who have not heard the gospel.” To say that there are two hundred million in India who have not heard the gospel, is putting the figures low.

Realizing the need of more missionaries Mrs. Brown and I said last summer to the Christian Woman’s Board of Missions: “We are ready to return to India. Send us back this fall.” The reply came back: “We cannot do it. We are sending four missionaries to open new work this year and in undertaking this we do not know but we are undertaking more than we can carry out, for we

are only the servants of the churches and can only do what our brethren and sisters make possible for us to do. We see but one way for you to do. We believe the reason why no more are helping in this work is because they do not realize the need. You go and tell them these things you have seen and heard, and we believe that when they see the need they will do enough more than they have been doing that it will be possible for you to go next fall."

Could we have returned last fall instead of going into this work of visiting the churches we might have preached the gospel to thousands of people, hundreds believing, obeying—might have been saved. Some of these undoubtedly will die this year, never having heard the gospel and go down to perdition. Who is responsible for this? Had Mrs. Brown and I said: "Well the sacrifice is too great, we can't make it. We have been once, now it is someone else's turn;" then I believe the Lord would have required these souls at our hands. We were not only ready, but anxious to return. Then these souls will be required at whose hands? Candidly—I will tell you who I think is responsible—those of our brethren and sisters who have not given what they might have given, so that it has been impossible for us to go, and do you do as little in the year to come as you have in the year that is past greater condemnation must rest upon you; for after all the question is not so much, can the heathen be saved without the gospel as can you and I be saved if we do not get the gospel to them.

Are you making an honest attempt to give the gospel to those who have it not? If not, why not?



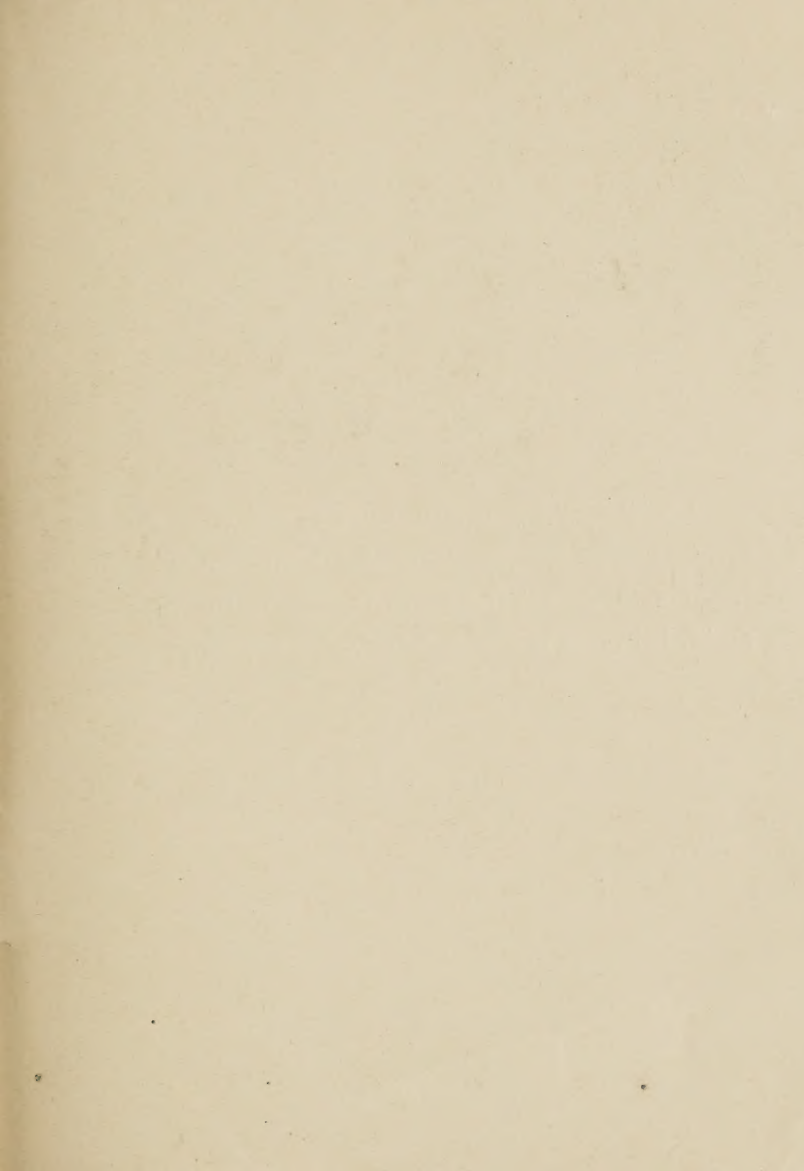
MAP OF INDIA.

The black of this map represents the heathen darkness of India. Oh how dark it is! The white stars represent the principal mission stations. But there is more white on the map in proportion to black than Christian light and teaching of any kind in all India.

Will you not do more than you have to help put white stars on this map?







Copies of JUGGURNAUT AND HIS COUNTRY can be secured at the Headquarters of the "Christian Woman's Board of Missions," 160 North Delaware Street, Indianapolis, Ind., post paid at twenty-five cents a copy.